

Rats, Bread, and Making Amends.

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Rats, Bread, and Making Amends.

by [LAMB_BITES](#)

Summary

In hopes to earn his forgiveness, Ratboy pays John a visit.

Notes

this is fuckign bad okay I Did Bad but I tried. i spent da y s on this can you bELIEVE IT

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

He wasn't happy.

He wasn't all too fond of this at all, really. No. Not in the slightest.

So far this day had been all around terrible from the start, having begun with getting to see that bright yellow, ugly, fuzzy, *eye sore* of a face. A real strain on the eyes he was.

John had tripped and stumbled his way to the large front entrance of his large, confusing castle. He was always... shamefully, unbalanced in the early morning when we woke up, He'd trip a lot and on some occasions he would somehow manage to get tangled up in himself, or get his limbs caught and stretched on things if he wasn't careful and didn't pay attention.

Once to the door, he opened it, but just a bit, peering out to see who it was.

Christ, *why*.

"Knock knock, Little King John!" Ratboy greeted, wearing a goofy, overly happy and hopeful grin on his bright little whiskered face.

The King stared back for a moment, glared, really. "**You.**" He stated with a nasty grimace, glaring a second longer before turning his snout up to the pest, and shutting the door, ignoring the sort of, upset, questioning noise that came from the other rat when he did.

"H-hey, wait, c'mon now!" Ratboy called after him, knocking on the door again. "John! Joohn, open the door, please? Hear me out!"

A long pause, and still no response.

"Little King John..?"

Ah. Nevermind, there he is.

He slowly opened the door again, looking just as fed up as before. Probably more so. "*Why?* Why should I hear you out? Why are you here, bothering me *this* early, bothering me *at all?* You'd better have a good reason." He complained and griped.

"Well... well, uhm.. Ahehe.." Ratboy had to take a moment to gather his words back together, clearing his throat a bit and chuckling awkwardly, To which The King quirked a not much existent eyebrow, huffing under his breath as he awaited the response impatiently.

"*Out* with it, boy, you are wasting my time!"

"Sorry! Sorry. Uhm... I was just... I think it would be a good idea to, to make amends! I, I want to be friends. It would be nice. Wouldn't that be nice, John?" He messily pieced the sentence together, grin coming back to his face.

"Nice? *Nice?* No. It wouldn't. I don't want to be... *friends*. I don't want to see you, I don't want to *hear* you, I want you no where near me *or* my land!" The door opened further,

stretching his arms and contorting them as he made dramatic gestures, neck extending to where he was nearly snout to snout with the nuisance. He was, quick to anger.

Ratboy backed up, waving his hands a little. "Hey now, simmer down a little! Come on, it's bad to keep all those bitter feeling and grudges. This would do some good for you, I'm sure!"

"How would *you* know what's good for me!?" John nearly barked back, "How *dare* you act like you know what's good for me, how dare you talk to me like you know me!?"

"John... give me at least *one* chance? Please? Holding onto all that anger's probably even taking a toll on your health you know. You'd feel better! Isn't it worth one shot? Pleeease, please please?" The yellow rat put his hands together in a sort of, begging like gesture.

John stared him down, squinting a little, remaining like that for a moment before sighing. He brought his neck and arms back a bit, fully opening the door, and giving a small nod. If he didn't agree, he'd probably have hell getting the brat to leave him alone.

"Very well. I will... accept, this offer, and give you *one* chance to redeem yourself. Come in." He stated, turning and making his way back into the castle, "I don't have high expectations or hopes for this." leaving the door open for Ratboy, who followed after and closed the heavy door behind him, ears wiggling with joy.

"Thank you, Little King John! You won't regret this, I promise!" He exclaimed, eyes wondering about the massive building. Quite pretty.

"Let's hope not."

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"So.. have you anything planned?" The King asked the other, a bit awkwardly, really, as they walked about the building. "Or are we just going to have idle small talk?" He continued, his voice holding disdain.

Ratboy tapped his fingers together in thought, humming a bit. "Ah... I didn't think I'd actually get through to you, so I can't say I had much thought up beforehand." He chuckled.

"But, uhm.. hm... How abooout..." He looked around again, trying to think something up.

"How about, some cooking? Cooking is fun to do, and it can be cooperative!" He suggested, face lighting up excitedly as he clapped his hands a bit.

"... Cooking?" He glanced back at the other, raising an eyebrow. "Depends on what you have in mind. These machines only make what they were assigned to make, they only make certain things."

"Silly! We won't be using machines, nor processors! Makes things yucky. It's better to cook things by scratch." He laughed again, though John seemed displeased with the statement, "As for what I have in mind... hm.. ever had banana bread? We could make that!"

"Er... no. I haven't. I'm fine with what I currently eat so I don't often seek out other things." He stated with a light shrug.

Ratboy tsk'd, shaking his head. "You gotta put something else in you're system aside from knish at some point, you know! This'll be a nice change."

The King groaned a bit and rolled his eyes. The only reason he wasn't putting up more of an argument was he because he wanted to get this over with and get the unwanted guest out of his abode as soon as he could.

"I'm doubtful of that."

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Ratboy blew the dust off of an old cookbook, seemingly untouched for ages. He coughed and waved a hand at all the dust, rubbing at his eyes a bit.

Before he could climb down the ladder, he took notice that John's head was already up there with him, jumping a bit, but not too spooked. "Jeez, Johnny, spying, are we?"

"**No. Stop.** Don't call me that." He said with a scowl. "And, this is *my* home, so I do as I please." He added.

His head followed Ratboy as he climbed down, unwinding around the ladder, until it was mostly back to his shoulders.

"Right, right, sorry. Would you rather I call you 'Your Majesty'?" He joked a bit.

"Yes." A genuine nod and response was given, of course.

Well. Even though Ratboy was, kind of joking, really, he guessed he could call him that, along with the other few titles John actually accepted.

Ratboy opened the book, flipping through it, page after page after page as he paced in a little circle, until his finger landed on the one he was looking for. "Ah, there it is! Let's see... brown sugar, eggs, bananas..." He mumbled the ingredients, tapping his foot a little as he did. "Do you have these in stock?" He looked at John, questioning him.

"I.. I'm, not sure. I don't think so, no." He shook his head. Thank god. Maybe this meant they could stop and Ratboy could leave.

"Really? Guess I shouldn't be too surprised... guess we're gonna have to go out and get what we need."

Oh. Of course. Well then.

"Must we? Surely it is not worth the trouble. Besides, there, there may not even be any markets near by. I would know. If there were one, it would already be mine." John insisted, trying to talk the brightly pigmented rat out of it, but, to no avail.

"It's no trouble at all! It won't take that long, don't worry! There's sure to be one around." He nodded, grabbing at a lanky disfigured hand as he gently pulled The King along, catching him off guard. He gave a seemingly discomforted shudder at the unexpected, albeit gentle

contact, yanking his hand away from the boy with a sharp, short growl. He glared him down, squinting his eyes and baring his teeth a bit.

"Ah.. s-sorry..." Ratboy apologized, expression going a little nervous, but keeping his smile. He soon began walking again, John remaining paused for a moment before following.

He looked down at his hand, rubbing at it a bit.

"Hm."

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After a long enough while of Ratboy getting lost and lost again throughout the castle, Little King John soon took lead again. Really, why did he let Ratboy lead in the first place, he wasn't sure.

They made their way back to the large doors, John pushing them open and striding through them. A bit dramatically even, one could say. Small bits of laughter sounded behind him, to which he whipped his head around to stare down at Ratboy, who was holding a hand over his mouth to withhold any more laughter, biting back a wide smile behind that hand. John stared, and stared, and squinted his eyes. God, the eyes. If he stared any harder he could probably burn holes through Ratboy.

"What do you find so amusing, boy?" He inquired, a hand stretching it's way over to point at the yellow rat. Er, prod him harshly in the chest, rather.

Ratboy winced a bit at the sharp jab, rubbing at the sore spot a little before shaking his head. "Nothing! Nothing. It's fine! S'just.." He gave another small laugh, moving his hand from his face. "That was, uhm.. What's the word?" He asked to himself, before finding his answer. "Cute! Yeah. It was kind of cute how you did that."

A bewildered look crossed The King's face. A truly, completely, absolutely, confused expression. Maybe also angry, but he always looked angry.
He blinked.

"What? I..." He started, raising a finger, but then paused as his glance shifted awkwardly to the side, and then the ground. Part of him wished to scold the other, especially since it was... *him*. But at the same time, he wasn't usually one to turn down a compliment, on the shamefully rare occasion when he would actually receive one. But how could he accept it from Ratboy? He couldn't. Not from *him*.

Upon seeing this odd reaction, Ratboy felt concerned. Did he break the poor guy? Jeez. "Y'alright, John?" He asked, reaching up to wave his hand in front of the other's face. This caught his attention again, brought him out of thought. His eyes focused on Ratboy, staying silent for another odd second before responding uncharacteristically late.

"I'm just fine. Do not concern yourself with me." He responded simply, before turning and walking. Ratboy, didn't really believe him, but he decided it'd be best to not push the subject. He walked after him, making sure to close the door behind him first.

Thinking back on that compliment made John feel oddly warm, though just a bit. Warm in the face and stomach. He grimaced, insisting to himself that he was just... ill. Yes. From being dragged about by this nuisance. Stress can make people ill, it made sense.

He prayed that the slight warmth he could feel in his face wasn't visible at all. That would be humiliating.

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"Knock knock, Happyman! Hi!"

The man lifted his head, his eyes searching for a moment before landing on Ratboy.

And, Little King John. *Ugh*. God.

Despite this, Happyman put on a smile, waving at the two. Mostly just to Ratboy. "Hey, Ratboy Genius! Good to see you." His gaze shifted to John again, then back to Ratboy.

"What're you, uh... what're you doing with Little King John?" He questioned, his smile growing a bit fake. "Not here to confiscate my shop, is he? This is my only source of income ever since he took over my factory."

"Not yet." John stated, neck stretching as his head moved towards the little shop, checking it out. His head went all the way around the little stand, gazing at just about every little detail and item.

Happyman gave a discomforted shudder, trying to ignore the disturbing sight. "*Ehck...*"

"We needed to get some supplies! We're gonna make banana bread." The yellow rat said with a big smile, to which Happyman raised his eyebrows, showing a shocked expression.

"Really now? I'm shocked, really. Very *very* shocked. How you even managed to get him to agree to that is beyond me." He laughed a bit at this news, shaking his head. "What do you need for the bread? I'm sure I'll have it in stock."

And with that, Ratboy listed all that was needed. And sure enough, he had it. He stated the price, and handed the items over in exchange for the required amount of coin. And then, they started getting caught up in small talk. Chit chat. And it was annoying, and John was growing impatient. He waited, and waited, until he decided he had enough. He just wanted to get this over with and it was being dragged out more than needed to be.

"Stop. **Stop!** Stop this. I wish to leave. It's hot out and mosquitoes are biting me and I tire of listening to this. Ratboy! We are leaving, let's go." John insisted, turning and holding an arm behind Ratboy's shoulders to move him along as he started walking.

"O-oh? Uhm! Sorry! U-uhm, I, I guess we'll catch up later, Happyman, sorry!" He stuttered out in a hurry, waving goodbye to him as he hurried along with the rather impatient King. Happyman waved back, tch'ing at the sight.

Why he was so determined to befriend and bond with the King, he'd never know.

Another somewhat lengthy walk, and they were back at the castle, John opening the doors about as dramatically as last time, though this time Ratboy was able to withhold any giggling or flustering comments. They walked, and walked, until the King eventually lead them to what looked to be a kitchen.

Looked a bit dusty.

Ratboy set the items he had been carrying on the counter, gazing around as he brushed some of the dust off of the surface. "This room is mighty dusty, Little King John! It looks like it's barely been touched in forever!" He exclaimed.

"Because it hasn't been." John nodded, watching the other rat scuttle and look around the kitchen.

"Jeez... Hm." He looked at the cabinets. They were, a bit higher than he could reach. "We need, a mixing bowl, a measuring cup, a spoon to mix with, aaannnd, a bread pan! Can you tell where to find those?" He asked as he turned around to face The King, who started making his way over to some of the higher cabinets.

"Some utensils are held in a little container over there," He pointed to where it was. "There should be a proper spoon in there. And the baking pans are in the drawer beneath the oven." He nodded, opening a couple cabinets. "The bowls and cups are too high for you to get, so I will get them myself." He finished, taking a measuring cup and a bowl from the cabinets.

"Thank you!" He said with a smile, grabbing what was needed from the container, and grabbing a bread pan from under the stove, setting them on the counter with the ingredients, as did Little King John with the measuring cup and the mixing bowl. "Now we just gotta put this all together, mix it, pour it, and then put it in the oven. Think you can help along with that?" Ratboy asked with a little chuckle.

Though John did get a bit snappy about the question, they went along baking without, too much trouble. John nearly botched the job when cracking the eggs and adding in brown sugar, Ratboy would laugh and John would get agitated again. With the egg situation, John ended up with hands covered in egg, and went as far as to press his hands into the sides of Ratboy's face when he laughed, which in turn, got a little laugh out of John, but they managed well enough, without destroying the kitchen. If it wasn't something as simple as banana bread, the kitchen would surely be wrecked.

Ratboy grimaced a bit as he cleaned the egg off his face with a damp cloth, before setting it down and picking up the spoon, "Now we-" which, John promptly took from his hands. Ratboy gave him a questioning look, John giving a blank stare for a second before actually responding.

"I want to mix it." He stated, again, quite simply, holding the spoon a bit closer to himself as he did.

Ratboy raised an eyebrow, but then smiled again, nodding. "Then go right ahead! Who am I to say no? I'll preheat the oven." He let the King do what he wished, and turned to turn on the oven.

John looked down at the spoon, then back to the bowl full of batter for a second, before sticking the spoon into it and going about his stirring. It was kind of satisfying to watch all the ingredients blend together, really. Though, when the batter started to thicken up, it gradually got more difficult to stir. Not unbearable, mind you, but. Tough. An amused expression crossed Ratboy's face upon noticing the King's growing frustration with this, his arm bending and stretching oddly to force the spoon to move easier, faster, but, instead, the spoon eventually snapped right in half, spooking John a little as it did, and shocking Ratboy.

Guess the batter was too strong for it. Maybe the spoon was weak from... age. Yeah.

Little King John stared at this for a moment. "Hm. Uhm..." He looked up, looking to Ratboy. "Will this suffice?" He asked, pointing to the bowl of batter, said yellow rat looking at the batter is question.

"Uhm, yeah! Looks about right." He nodded. The batter was still a wee bit clumpy, but it looked fine otherwise. He took the bowl, holding it above the bread pan and tipping it, pouring the batter into into it. He used the spoon to scrape some of the excess into it, before placing the bowl down and holding the spoon out to King John. "Wanna taste it?"

In response to this, John first stepped back and gave an odd look. Looking at the broken spoon, and then at Ratboy. He narrowed his eyes a bit, but accepted the offer, taking the spoon in one of his hands, and hesitating before sticking his tongue out and scooping up some of the batter with it. And a surprised expression came across his face.

"You like it?" Ratboy asked with a little laugh, John responding by just, putting the spoon in his mouth and giving a single nod, resulting in more bubbly laughter. "That's good to see!" He exclaimed as he opened the oven and placed the bread pan in it.

"How long will it take?" John asked after a moment, removing the spoon from his mouth.

"About an hour, give or take." He shrugged, looking over at John, then pointing a bit at him. "You uh, got a bit of batter on your mouth." He pointed out, handing him the cloth that he left sitting on the counter.

"Oh?" Did he? He ran his tongue over his lips and sure enough, yeah, there was. "Oh." That's a bit embarrassing. He took the cloth and used the side that wasn't covered in egg to clean his face, then set it back to it's temporary spot on the counter.

"So, what should we do in the meantime?"

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Whilst they waited for the bread to cook, they moved from room to room, making idle small talk here and there. It was hard to make small talk with someone you considered an enemy. It was, awkward, and uncomfortable. During a bit of small talk, John lead them to a room with

tanks full of centipedes, which Ratboy promptly stayed away from. He wasn't all too fond of centipedes, but John seemed to have a liking for them. *Ehck*.

John placed some food in their tanks and sort of talking to them as one would any household pet, before heading out.

Ratboy found the sight of the bugs unpleasant, and didn't really understand The King's liking for them, but who was he to judge. To each their own.

The hour passed slowly, but passed nonetheless. The smell of the bread was rather pleasant, and filled the castle, John leading the way to the kitchen of course, before Ratboy opened the oven, grabbing a pair of oven mitts before taking the pan out of the oven, setting it down and turning the oven off. "Mind grabbing some plates? One large plate and two smaller ones, please!"

John nodded, looking through cabinets until he found what was needed, and grabbed them, setting them down onto the counter.

"Thanks!"

Ratboy took the pan, flipping it upside down above the larger plate and patting it a couple times to get the bread out. It fell onto the plate, and he turned it rightside up. "Looks pretty." He said with a smile, grabbing a knife to cut it with. He cut two slices, handing the first plate to John, and keeping the second plate for himself. He grabbed a fork from the little utensil bin, as did John.

They took their seats at the little dining area, which was also a little bit dusty, really.

Though he burned his mouth at first, John found that the bread was quite good. Very good, in fact. He even ate it a bit too quickly, which resulted in a short, and annoying hiccupping session, where Ratboy had to keep himself from laughing too much.

"Looks like you really like it, huh?" He asked, once his laughter settled and poor John's hiccupping stopped. He looked over at the yellow rat, and hesitated for a second before nodding.

"Yes. It's... It's very good. I hate to say it, but you did well." The King said, giving some heavily unexpected praise. He felt uncomfortable saying such praise, but he had to hand it to the other, he really did do well.

Ratboy tsk'd, shaking his head. "Hey now, you worked on it too! Give yourself some credit. *We* did well!" He exclaimed, patting John on the shoulder, making him flinch in response, though, he didn't react as harshly as he did when his hand was grabbed. Ratboy gave a nervous little chuckle, removing his hand once he noticed the discomfort. "Right... sorry."

They soon finished their plates, and placed them in the sink. And, remained silent for a moment.

"So... how'd my one chance go?" Ratboy asked, hopeful grin on his face, though he was actually a bit anxious. It would be a shame, if all that effort didn't get through to him, if not

just a little bit.

Little King John stared, then redirected his gaze to the floor, tapping his fingers together in thought. "Hhm..." He hummed. "It went... it went alright." He nodded, mostly to himself, trying to pull more words together. "I started out rather irritated and infuriated by your arrival, and wasn't sure why I had even agreed to this." He paused, leaving Ratboy feeling a sense of dread for a moment, but then continued. "But it... it got more tolerable, over time, I will reluctantly admit. And ended... it ended alright. I am truly shocked by these results. I really am." He sighed a bit, scratching a little behind one of his ears. It was embarrassing, being this open, with this rat.

"R-.. really? You mean it?" Ratboy asked, a sense of joy swelling inside him, a smile making its way back across his face.

"Of course. There isn't much sense in lying." He responded, gaze shifting to the other.

A short silence, and then, a giddy and joyous reply. "I'm so glad to hear that, Little King John! I didn't think the outcome would be like this at all, honestly...!" Ratboy grinned, his ears wiggling, he even bounced a little in place with joy.

John rolled his eyes a little, prying his eyes off the excited rat. "Neither did I." He mumbled a bit, to himself mostly.

Another silence.

"I guess I should... take my leave then?" Ratboy asked, unsure. To which, John shrugged, and nodded.

"I will escort you out." He said, taking the lead as Ratboy followed. The walk was silent. Not an all too uncomfortable silence though. Not as uncomfortable as the other ones.

They soon got to the doors, John opening them, and Ratboy stepping through them, turning to look at John.

"... Would it be a bother if I stopped by again sometime?" He asked. This boy was full of questions.

John took another short moment to gather his words. "I... I *suppose*, I wouldn't be fully opposed to it." He found eye contact hard to hold as he stated this. His response made Ratboy's face light up with glee. A big, happy grin, and bright eyes, and big wiggling ears. Ratboy held a hand out towards John, offering a handshake. And John accepted it. He felt odd about shaking his hand, but he shook it nonetheless.

"That's very good to hear! Thank you, *thank you*." He said, voice bubbly and happy and full of joy. He then let go of his hand, and turned, waving to John before he departed. "See you later then, your Majesty."

And he watched him leave. He stood there, watching, and then looking down at his hand. That warm feeling was in his face and belly again, and like before, he ignored it.

He looked up again, seeing that Ratboy was just about gone. He breathed in deep, and then breathed out, before he turned, and headed into his castle, shutting the doors behind him.

Today had been pretty alright.

He was happy, he supposed. Just a bit.

End Notes

I'd like to apologize.

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